Faith infringed: which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.
Bero. Now ſtep I forth to whip Hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What Grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the Boyes,
And *Criticke Timon* laugh at idle toyles.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane?* or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a

foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate
legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops
Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Lo

Enter Iaquenetta and

Iaque. God bleſſe the King.
Kin. What preſent haſt thou
Clow. Some certaine treaſon.
Kin. What makes treaſon here
Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neithe
The treaſon and you goe in peace
Iaque. I beſeech your Grace l
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was t
Kin. Berowne, read it ouer.
Kin. Where hadſt thou it?
Iaque. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, D*
Kin. How now, what is in you
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: y
Long. It did moue him to paſſio
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing,
Ber. Ah you whoreſon logger h
ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſ
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, la
meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Lied
Are picke-purſes in loue, and we
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſha
Dum. Now the number is euer
Berow. True true, we are four
Kin. Hence ſirs, away.
Clo. Walk aſide the true folke,
Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louer

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